

# Thought Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Thought Machine

[Intro:]

Cry out when the pain is greatest

No Hittite warrior cries out in pain

There?

Yes

It's as I fear Lord commander, your skull must be opened and the evil removed with a knife

Is this an Egyptian plot?

To murder our commander at a time where...

At a time when you're planning war on Egypt?

It was you that brought me here from Babylon my lords, I take no interest in your plans, I have no country.

Egypt least of all

[Tragedy Khadafi Verse 1:]

Messiah mind, flyer wise [?] reading higher signs

Lobotomise, we rack guys my style minimise

Sublime with a killer strut, modern day King Tut

For all those chasing the bag and choose to live it up

What, hah, give it up In the streets feeding us

In this world you either make motion or your life is stuck

Born inside the crack era, y'all not as deep as us

Youngins that embrace guns and darkness when the evil touch

Yeah, form a deeper lust

No one you can seem to trust

Cold hearts, playing their part slugs through evil stuff

Yeah but I ain't got all the answers

It's a salute when you were dancing

Life is a high-stake gamble that I learned to take a chance with

[?] features on my pivot, emperor stances

Khadaf rhyme is highly impeccable advanced with

Dodgin' government drones, hiding my face from cameras

Salute the fans and supporters who learn to always stand us

[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]

Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat

Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me

Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep  
Eat it like God [?] be  
Harder artistry for the streets  
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat  
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me  
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep  
Eat it like God [?] be  
Harder artistry for the streets

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

How this dumb motherfucker try say that he God  
He light work for me just another day on the job  
And them eight-trey gangstas gonna say he a slob  
And these guns symbolise God, day that he die  
It's lights out pussy whenever the savage bang  
Six hours spin his fucking body like a baggage claim  
It's all big pistols on me, nothing on me light  
And the silencer is looking like a muffler on a bike  
If we ride then the only one that's living is I  
And it's bodies everywhere like I live in a chai  
I'm really living life homie you just living to die  
And my hitters have you whimperin' and visitin' Jah  
In other words we just looking to kill  
I extended the invitation so I'm footing the bill  
His heart beatin' fast comin' out of his chest  
And it's more than bars pa cos it's how you finesse  
Battiman

[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]

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